

Walter had when he died is on exhibition. Altogether it didn't impress me quite as I expected it would; I think it is a mistake to turn a distinguished man's home into a museum after he is dead. If it is to be open to visitors, let it be kept as nearly as possible as it was when its owner occupied it. Mt. Vernon is a much more satisfactory memorial of Washington than Abbotsford is of Scott.

After driving back to Melrose we took the train for Liverpool and were soon over the border and our visit to Scotland was ended. It is a delightful country to travel thru and I wish that every one of the EVANGELIST readers might see it and enjoy their visit there as much as I did mine. My next let-will be about England.

Hagerstown, Md.

The Home

Light at Eventide

FRANCIS H. TABOR

The eye of morning, golden-rimmed,
Is veiled by misty shroud;
The fearless face of daylight dimmed,
By banks of blackest cloud.

Not evening's peace nor noontide's ray
The hazy gloom abates
Until the weary dying day
Crawls to the western gates.

The hands of more than earthly might
One moment hold ajar
The pitying portals whence the light
Unmasked the evening star.

A misty mound on dewy dell
In pomp of death appears,
As when strong love a smile compels
To hide the falling tears.

How often o'er life's winding way
The heavy storm cloud lowers,
With barren banks uprising gray,
Instead of trees and flowers.

And only when with weary feet
The last long hill we climb,
And look where earth and heaven meet,
We catch the rays sublime,

And know that, tho we walk life's span
By faith and not by sight,
A God of mercy gives to man
At eventide his light.

—Christian Advocate.

Advice for School Girls

The principal of one of the large city schools, a man of superb physique, as well as fine intellectual endowments, gives this sensible advice to the young girls under his care:

"Study hard while you study. Put your whole mind into your work, and don't dally.

"Begin your studying early in the evening, but stop before nine o'clock.

"Take a little recreation before retiring, to change the current of thought and to rest your head.

"Be in bed before ten o'clock. The sleep thus obtained before midnight is the rest which recuperates the system, giving brightness to the eye and rest to the cheek.

"Take care of your health. That is first.

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If you need to do more studying, rise at six in the morning."

Good Brother Jim

The car remained at a standstill for so long a time that everyone wondered if something were wrong. It was soon seen, however, that a sturdy little urchin was very tenderly helping a lame child aboard, and, as the car moved on, his cheery "good-by" called a smile to the cripple's wan face.

The latter seated himself so that he could look out the window, and every few minutes he waived his hand at some one on the street. The other people in the car became curious, and looking out, saw a little fellow running along the sidewalk, keeping pace with them.

"Who is that?" asked a lady of the lame boy.

"Why, that's Jim!" was the proud response.

"Yes, dear; but who is 'Jim'?"

"Why, Jim's my brother, of course!"

By this time every one was listening and smiling in sympathy.

"Oh! I see," said the lady; "that's the boy who helped you on the car. But why does he not ride with you?"

"Why, he said, 'we had only a nickel, and Jim said I must ride. You see,' he added after a pause, 'I can't walk well, but Jim, he can run fine!'"

"See! what is this?" the lady said.

With eyes big with delight, the child caught up a five cent piece that had miraculously appeared in his torn little cap, which

lay on the seat between the lady and himself. Then, with frantic gestures, he hailed "Jim," who boarded the car at the next corner.

It would be hard to say who was happiest on that car during the remainder of the trip, but, surely, the boys thought they were.—Vick's Magazine.

The Mission of Sorrow

Last week the reader found in this department something on the Mission of Laughter. If laughter has a mission, then must not sorrow also have a mission? Yea, verily, sorrow has a divine mission. It has brought many a wayward heart very close to God. In times of sorrow souls have been led to lock up to God and in believing love say, "Father." Many are the hearts that have been sanctified thru sorrow which otherwise might have remained estranged from God. Very beautifully does Dr. Robertson say:

The simplest and most obvious use of sorrow is to remind us of God. It would seem that a certain shock is needed to bring us in contact with reality. We are not conscious of breathing until obstruction makes it felt. We are not aware of the presence of a heart until some sudden joy or sorrow rouses it to extraordinary action. We are not conscious of the mighty cravings of our half divine humanity, we are not aware of the God within us, till some chasm yawns which must be filled; or till the rending asunder of our affections forces us to become fearfully conscious of a need.